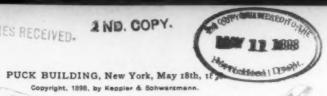
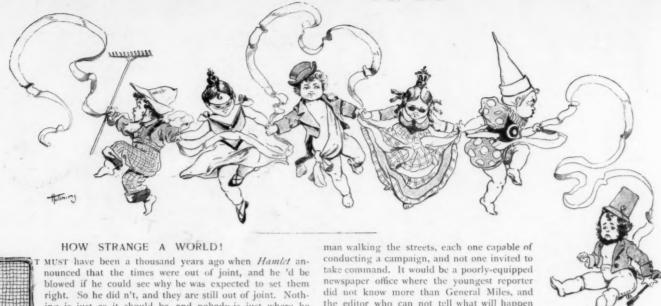
VOL. XLTH No. 1108.

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PRICE TEN CENTS.

IN THE PATH OF THE PRIVATEER.



right. So he did n't, and they are still out of joint. Nothing is just as it should be, and nobody is just where he should be. This conclusion has been reached after a careful study of the world by the undersigned.

The men who are in charge of banks and other financial institutions know nothing about the business. the United States Treasury down to the man who carries on a loan business in the West on a floating capital of six

hundred dollars, there is nothing but ignorance and inca-pacity displayed. The men who know all about banking never have so much as an account at a savings fund. You can meet them in any club, on the street-cars, in saloons, sweeping the streets, carrying the hod and holding the plow. If they had their way, there never would be a bank failure, and money would be so plentiful that no one would work except They would brush aside all such trifles as ratios, values, sinking fund and reserves, and make things fairly hum. But nobody will give them a bank or put them in charge of the Treasury; and, consequently,

we must groan in slavery, and a man who has no bank account can not draw a check on it.

Then, there are railroads. It is a notorious fact that the track-walkers, witchmen and brakemen, to say nothing of the conductors, could run the old road ten times better than the president and his board of directors. They will tell you so, themselves. At the same time, however, they do not know as much about running the road as the farmers.

just as bumpy, rutty, and crooked as a rail fence;

but, a railroad —. There would n't be any difficulty about making that. It is safe to say, on any Saturday night, in the cross-roads stores of this country, enough railway wisdom runs to waste to manage every road in the country for a century.

As for law or politics, there is never, by any possibility, the right man put on the bench or sent to Congress. They may be all right when voted for; but, when they get to work, they blunder and behave like idiots. Take a knot of seven men who have had three beers apiece, and every one can tell just how to run that particular office or amend a bill, or do something that the other fellow has not sense to do. There is the other fellow drawing the salary, and here are seven men that know more than he does and telling people all about it, without any salary at all. It is perfectly sicken-

ing to think of!
When you come down to war, however, that 's where the injustice is rampant. Here are thousands of

the editor who can not tell what will happen next week has mistaken his vocation.

It makes a man fairly wild when he sees the Government go on taking graduates of the Military and Naval Academics, and men who have seen service, and put them in command, while there are thousands of men writing for the news-papers and driving beer wagons who can run armies and navies in addition to their occupations; and yet

they are passed by.

It seems amazing that we never get the right man in the right place, but we never do. A tour of the workshops, saloons, street corners and jails, will convince any reasoning man that all the square men are in round holes, and vice versa. Only innocent men in jail; the real financiers are sawing wood or drawing beer; men of the greatest legal ability are measuring calico or laying bricks; expert railroaders are digging potatos, and all the military genius of the country is leaning against a bar or reading the bulletin boards -. O Hamlet. How little has the world changed since you pinked Polonius behind the arras! Sidney.

yet was a farmer that did n't understand a railroad from A to Izzard. They have been fixing country roads for two hundred years, and they are now TO ENLIVEN THE CONVERSATION. FIRST TOURIST. — I wish he'd say something besides "Ugh!" SECOND TOURIST. — Ask him to have a drink.



PREMATURE.

SHE. - If I were to die, dear, who would take care of the children? HE. - How can I tell now?

THE EXCEPTIONS.

"Eh-yah!" began the Kohack Philosopher, with a slightly defiant accent; "owin' to havin' been rasped so frequently by the rough edge of

accent; "owin' to havin' been rasped so frequently by the rough edge painful experience durin' the years of my extended and, mebby, useful career, the bloom of trust and pin-feathers of credulity, so to describe 'em, have mostly been rubbed off from me.

"On a good many points I am considerably like a jandershued, half-witted, stutterin' feller I once knew. He used to have a sayin', when the boys got to tryin' to hector him into believin' suthin' that was n't so, 'I'm a Dud-dud-diddy-Demmercrat, an' you 've got to sus-sus-sight me!' He meant that auricular demonstration was n't sufficient for demonstration was n't sufficient for

him; it had to be ocular; they
could n't convince him by
tellin' him—he must needs
be shown. I'm not posin' as a cynic or an acoustic — er-h'm! — I mean, agnostic; but I don't accept everything on blind faith, I generally have to be 'sighted.'

"But in the case of three of the most important episodes, or epochs in a man's life, I cut the rope and trust solely to the parachute of faith. When it comes to marryin' a wife, tradin' for a horse or buyin' a water-melon, there is nothing to do but bow your head, pull your hat down over your eyes. and humbly accept whatever is dealt out to you."

Tom P. Morgan.



A FREAK.

Only three years old, and is now weighing close to three hundred pounds.

FARMER SWETT.-You say you belong to the army of the unemployed? Well, now, my friend, I guess I kin give you something of

TOYLE KNOTT. — What! An' have me be a deserter from de army? Ye don't know military ethics, do ye?

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

ASKINS.—That fellow, Small, is a person of very little importance,

GRIMSHAW. -Yes; he cuts about as much figure in life as the middle part of a doughnut does in a square meal.

HIS INSIGNIFICANCE.



HIS EFFORT.

"Have you been able to live up to your ideal?"
"No; but I've lived up to my income trying to do it."





DECLARING HIMSELF.

PROPRIETOR .- Yes, there 's lots of golf playin' here. Some of the

folks 'd rather play golf than eat.

GUEST.—Well, I 'm not one of that kind. Just remember that I expect three square meals a day.

HIS WATERLOO.

"Say! Soiled," inquired Seldum Fedd, for want of something better

to talk about, "did you ever in your life take any violent exercise?"
"Wal," returned Soiled Spooner, reminiscently, "I stole a hive of bees, one time, under de delusion dat de weather was so cold de inmates would n't come out; an', if you'd a-seen me, durin' de next fifteen minutes, tryin' to git away from my plunder, you could n't have tole de difference between my actions an' violent exercise."

A FULL FIELD.

Dr. Soffstuff .- I start on my temperance-lecture tour to-morrow, and I anticipate great success, for I have an immense field to work in FRIEND. — Good!

DR. SOFTSTUFF.-Yes; my agent has booked me for every prohibition town in the country.

ACCOUNTING FOR IT.

FRIEND.—What induced you to buy a place in the country? SUBURBANITE (bitterly).—I must have been a farmer!

A MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT.

Tom. - Did your father-in-law settle anything on you at your marriage?

BENEDICT (dejectedly) .- Yes; himself and his whole family!

STILL TRYING.

MAY. - They say that Clara considers marriage a failure. BELL. — Oh, no! she does

n't; but she has her doubts about engagements.

WOULD BE APPRECIATED.

· JIMMY (reading). — "Then his father looked at him, more in sor-

row than in anger—"
TOMMY.—Gee! I wish my old man was built that way.

A USELESS ENCUMBRANCE.

FIRST PEDESTRIAN. - I tell you, my opinion is that bicycles would be a grand thing in military work. But what puzzles me is how the riders would carry their guns.

SECOND PEDESTRIAN. — They would n't need any guns. Quick!

Jump! There 's one, now!

COMPARISONS ARE ODOROUS.

Brown. - Deacon Jones says he expects to die in the odor of sanctity. JENKINS. -- He must think that sanctity is more or less like a distillery.



HAD NOT ABANDONED THE PROFESSION.

THE MONKEY. - I'm glad to see you again, old chap! I heard you were posing in the Central Park menagerie and had given up circus work altogether.

THE ELEPHANT.—Oh, no! I 'm still in the ring!



PUFFER.-I want a twenty-five cent cigar. Ah! that looks all right!



"I tell you what, that is a fine cigar! No one can beat me on a cigar. I can tell a good one just by looking at it."



MICKEY. — Say! dese t'ree fer fives ain't whut dey used ter be. Dis one smells like a bone factory.



"Oh, say! my think-tank is workin' all right. Just smell de fumes of dat Henry Clay! I want yo', mah honey;

WHEN THE RAIN BEATS DOWN.

Of cheerful, sunny days,
Of tender skies and smilin' fields,
Of Nature's gentler ways;
But, somehow, I 've a weakness for
Old Nature's sob and frown,
In melancholy weather when
The rain beats down.

To me there 's nothing finer than
To sit beside the stove,
When the rain and wind is fussin'
And the sky is dark above,
With a cheery pipe a-glowin',
And the smoke a-floating roun',
A-feelin' mighty cosy while
The rain beats down.

Or, say, to sit out in the barn,
Inside the open doors,
A-list'nin' to the cattle an'
Their ruminatin' chaws;
An' watch the ducks a-splashin' through
The puddles big and brown,
A-feelin' good an' thankful that
The rain beats down.

The Lord he made the dismal days
As well as bright, 1 guess,
Intendin' man to stay at home
An' give himse'f a res';
As though a-sayin', "Days like this
Might come the whole year roun';
Be thankful then for fair days when
The rain beats down."

Richard Stillman Powell.



FIRST HOMELESS DOG. — Lost your tail in a trolley accident, eh? Do you miss it much?

SECOND HOMELESS DOG. — Some; but, anyhow, nobody will want to tie a tin can to it any more.



"Professor Deepnob says a widow receiving a marriage-proposal always reminds him of a cow at a railroad track."

"In what way, pray?"
"She acts as if she would n't go across, but she always does."

AN UNCOMMON MAN.

JOHNNY THICKNECK.— There 's a smart old man—Gran'pa Totterly. He 's so old he 's about to shake to pieces; but, I 'll tell you, he 's the stuff!

BOBBY SQUANCH.— He don't look like much!

like much!

JOHNNY THICKNECK. — Well, he is! He don't think the boys of to-day are a bit more foolish and worthless than they used to be when he was a boy!

NO DOUBT OF IT.

HIS WIFE. — Do you think the young man from the city really loves May?

THE SUBURBANITE. — Indeed I do! Does n't he come here every week and take the chances of getting malaria, just to see her?

A MARRIED MAN often lacks the sense of proportion; he will lose his identity in silence, yet swear like a pirate at losing his collar button.



"I would n't deprive de geut of a smoke; he kin have mine"



MR. PUFFER 'after taking a few pulls', — For heaven's sake! What have I run up against! I 've been swindled! A regular horse-hoof filler and leather wrapper. I 'll fix that burgo-steeper!



MR. PUPFER (boiling ower).—Look here, you thief of the world [1 II have your place pulled as a bunco joint. Sell me a tipped cigar, will you? 1 II find out, I will. You give me my quarter back, or I II show your joint up before the whole town, I will. Talk

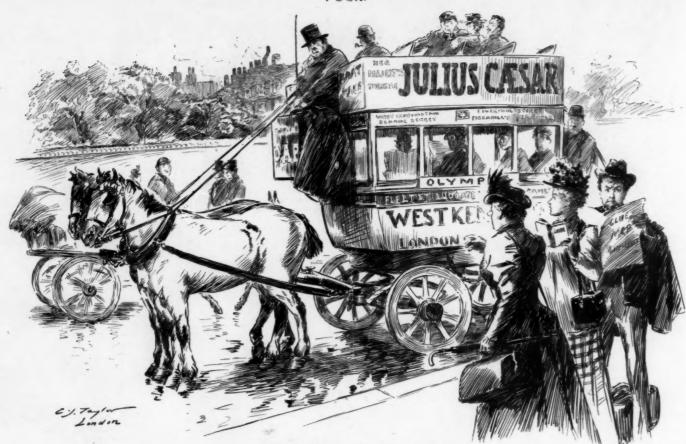


COTTRIBUT, 1000, BY REPPLER & SCHWARZHANN

NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS.

"Uncle Julius, what is a Bacchante?"

"Well, according to Art, a Bacchante is a young woman who can feel perfectly happy without owning a stitch of clothes."



THE LONDON 'BUS DRIVER. 'Bus Driver (to tourists, who are reading signs on omnibus, to make sure they are right). — Come, come! What is this?—a rehearsal of Henry VIII, or be ye only pl'yin' gimes with me?

AN ADVANTAGE.

HE .- Of course, some portions of the Alps are covered with snow the year round.

SHE. — Goodness! Then you could have sleigh-

ing in Summer.

A PROGRAMME.

SUE .- I would n't wanter marry any

man what spends all his money on his clothes, like dat Sam Jonsing.

DINAH.— I would. Yo' jes' bet I'd make him cough up dat money an' I'd put some spensive clothes on mah own back!

PENETRATED.

"Edith, what is imagination?"

"It's what Davie feels sick with when he stays at home from school."

NOT ADMITTED.

FRIEND.—I think you overestimate the population of Chicago.

CHICAGOAN (impressively). — My friend, it is impossible to overestimate the population of Chicago!

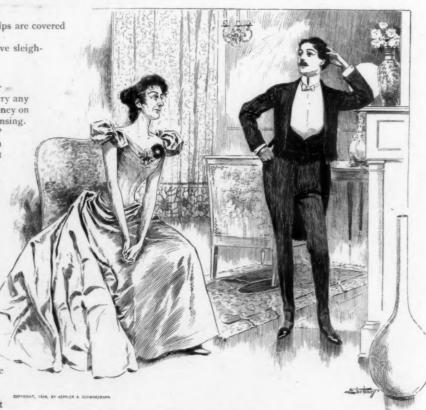
A FATAL MISTAKE.

"Inkslinger has lost his position as reporter on the Daily Howler." "How?"

"In one of his articles he said, 'No one knows what twenty-four hours may bring forth; ' and it was regarded as a reflection on the editorial intellect."

NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.

BROWN.—He was a born ruler. YOUNG FATHER.—Yes; no doubt he was a baby when he was born.



AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

YOUNG GUSHLEY (who has been reading Swedenborg).- Is it too much to believe that some day I shall throw off my present life, with its ceaseless tears and repinings, and begin a new and glorious existence in a very heaven of delight, where my spirit may soar untrammeled in sweet companionship with an angel of light?

MISS SERELEAF (with emotion) - Oh! dear Mr Gushley! You will have to ask Papa!



PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A NOTHER WEEK has brought us new war matter to ponder. There are more facts to adjust and fresh possibilities to JUST A LOOK AROUND, invite speculation; more things that have happened and more that may happen. For one thing, some of our fighters have fought and we know how they behave under fire. We have seen their daring, coolness and efficiency. Those were not matters over which we speculated; we took them for granted. But the actual test is quite as inspiring as if we had been uncertain. Of the unflinching courage and high training of our marines and their officers we need no longer prophesy. We may refer concisely to the naval battle of Manila Bay.

In a matter where uncertainty did rest we may also speak now by the

If there was no doubt as to how our officers and men would fight, there was considerable questioning as to how their machine would behave. The modern battle ship has never been submitted to a test that was satisfying to its designers. Thanks to Commodore Dewey we know vastly more about it now than we did before. We know that in the hands of skillful, eager fighters it is a fearful engin: of destruction. We may await further tests in the full confidence that our own naval experts have planned knowingly.

Probably our next gain will be a vivid and increased realization of the importance of coal to a battle-ship. Coal is its inspiration, its soul, the blood in its veins, its protoplasm. Without coal it is a dead hulk, for all the detached life and bravery that may swarm in it. Perhaps in Manila Bay we shall acquire a new respect for coal. This is one of the penal-ties we pay for inventive genius. In history's day-before-yesterday the issue of battle did not ever depend upon a few tons of stuff you could buy.

We have also learned that the Weyler brand of victory at arms, so ably developed in Cuba during the past two years, has been adopted as official by the Spanish government. Spain will continue to do battle, murder and havoc to her enemies, in official despatches, until her last gallant com-mander succumbs to writer's cramp. She will administer official rebukes to realism and flaunt the banner of romanticism as long as the fountain-pen holds out to play. And so, be it remembered that you should believe no tale of Spanish victory until you can base it upon something solider than a Castilian imagination.

You might also remember to beware of a native product of the imagination, — the "extra." It has come to be nothing much but a Spanish omelette,—hot and yellow. One day's unrestrained purchase of these yellow fevers ought to inoculate you if you wear a head on your shoulders. ought then to have learned the trick of the head-line tinker. When you see "BIG BATTLE FOUGHT," in letters a foot high, you will intuitively know that the words "to be" follow "battle," and the words "sometime next week" follow "fought" in microscopic type; and you will pass on as one who says to himself, "I shall no longer let these fakirs make a monkey of me." The "extra" habit is like any other minddestroyer. You can master it if you listen to your better self.

Another thing to keep in mind, if you happen to hear an illustrious name, is that this war is not a Patriarch's Ball, nor any sort of social function. The Governor of Illinois lately said a few things about the sons of great men that do not altogether lack truth, although whether such sons ever do amount to anything worth while or not is foreign to the point. The point is that the son of an illustrious father is not qualified by that fact to command a regiment of soldiers, however stout his own conviction may be to that effect. Governor Tanner very wisely and firmly put down a young upstart of this sort whose chief claim to distinction, aside from his name, was that he had been publicly accused of appearing without right in the uniform of a United States army officer, at a foreign Court. not in this war to preserve the glories of any family name, nor to foster any social or political ambitions. And the young or old man who thinks we are is in a position to become very much sadder whether he becomes wiser or not.

A REMARKABLE MAN.

BROWN .- Is Jones opposed to the sensational newspapers? SMITH. - He 's not only opposed to them, but he does n't read them.

COMPACT.

"Did you use condensed food in the Klondike?" asked the seeker after information.

"I guess so," said the returned gold hunter; "at any rate, a big meal was mighty small."

AN EXPERT MATHEMATICIAN.

JIMMY. - My big brother is in the highest class. He's away over in the end of the arithmetic.

TOMMY, -What 's he doin'?

JIMMY .- He 's doin' Cuban root.

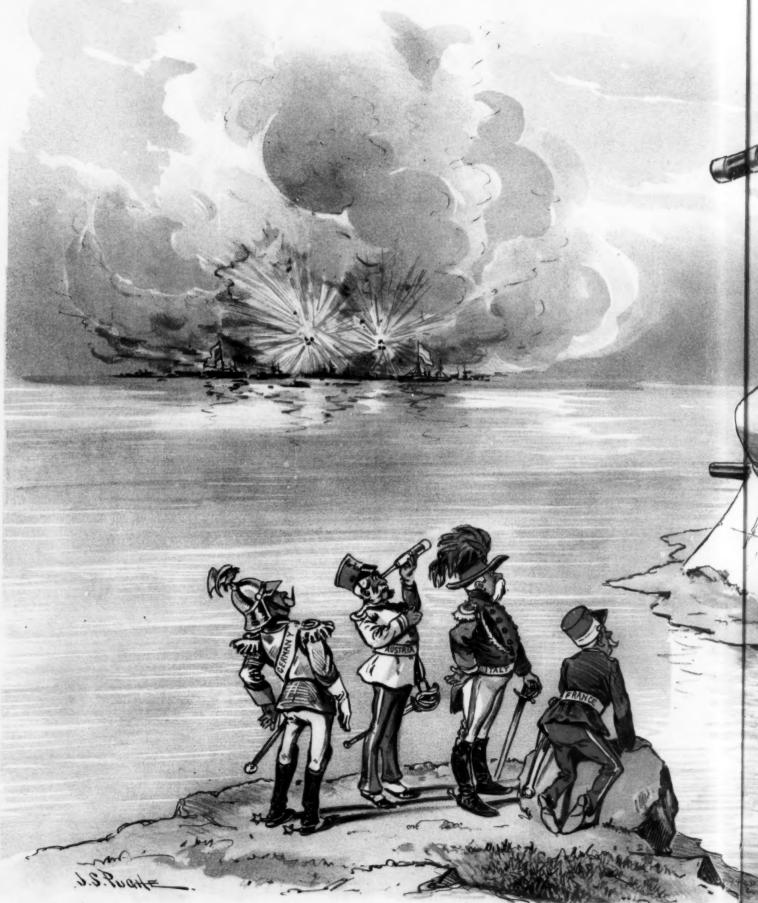
SPAIN SHOULD have asked herself "Quo Vadis?"

THE SCARCITY of rhymes for Cuba has no doubt saved the people of this country a great deal of suffering.



AN OPINION.

SHE. - You don't think the war will last long? THE COLONEL. - I trust not. I think it won't take nearly as long to finish it as it did to commence it.



JOTTMANN LITH.CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

SATISFYING THEIR

THE CONTINENTAL POWERS.—What JOHN BULL.—Oh! nothing, nothing



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ING THEIR CURIOSITY.

AL POWERS.—What are you doing there?

1! nothing, nothing at all; — just looking on!



A QUESTION OF EMPHASIS.

MOTHER.—Why did n't you prevent him from klasing you? Why did n't you call me? (reflectively.) But I suppose it was all over too soon?

DAUGHTER (with a far-away look). - Yes, Mother; it was all wer too soon.

AT FOUR O'CLOCK.

RETTY little Margaret
Set my heart astir,
For the very day we met
I fell in love with her.
Then, with almost daily rule,
I'd wait around the block —
Wait to take her home from school,
Just at four o'clock.

II.
Love's young dream ran swiftly on —
Ah! what happy days!
Soon the short school-years were gone.
When we found our ways
Led to church. The parson soon
Joined us in wedlock,
One sweet Summer afternoon,

Several years have slipped away—
Years of sun and rain—
Giving, I am glad to say,
More of joy than pain.
Now a little boy of three

(Never stops to knock)

Comes each morn to waken me

Just at four o'clock!

James Courtney Challiss.

THE PREVAILING FAD.
WINDER.—Why do you call those goods you manufacture "sanitary?"

you manufacture "sanitary?"
GRINDER. - Because I can get twice as much for them.

CUPID'S STRONGHOLD.

JOSH. — Guess that derned Ingersoll wan't never in love!

JAKE. — What chu know about 'im?

JOSH. — Nothin' 'cept thet he 's tryin' tew dew
away with churches so we won't hev no place tew
take ther gals home frum."

THE CHRONIC kicker never kicks himself.

\$10 967,931!!!

A NEW PRIZE CONTEST!!

NOT A LOTTERY, BUT A CONTEST OF SCIENCE, SKILL, ART, AND DOG LUCK!

Desiring to impress upon the 3,000 000 persons who do not read PUCK, the great merits of that publication, as testified to by the other 69,000,000 who do read it, we have inaugurated the following

PRIZE CONTEST!

Below will be found 15 names of prominent persons who read PUCK every week and can't do without it. From each name certain letters are omitted, and stars substituted. To supply the missing letters is the task. Spell out as many names as you can, and send your list to "Editor Prize Contest."

PRIZES!

To the person submitting the first complete list will be awarded \$10,000,000 in gold coin.

To the person submitting the second complete list will be awarded a Florida Orange Grove, in full bearing, valued at \$700,000.

To the person submitting the third complete list will be awarded a Music Box, playing three distinct tunes, valued at \$250,000.

To the person submitting the fourth complete list will be awarded

To the person submitting the fourth complete list will be awarded a Soldier's Widow's Third Cousin's Pension for \$10.00 per month, good from 1800 to 1900; value, \$12.000.

from 1899 to 1999; value, \$12,000.

To the person submitting the fifth complete list will be awarded a complete set of the *Congressional Record*, bound in purple tree calf; value, \$5,000.

value, \$5,000.

For the next 95 correct lists will be awarded to each sender one 12k. Hoboken Moonstone Scarf-Pin, valued at \$9.80.

FREE!!

To each contestant will be given, irrespective of the above prizes, a chance to subscribe for PUCK at regular rates!

CONDITIONS.

Write your list of names plainly, with a stub pen or typewriter, on one side of the paper only, using letter-size, gold-edged correspondence linen. Enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope, and a New York bank draft for \$500.00, the latter to cover postage, freight, packing, etc., etc.

re is the

LIST OF NAMES.

 1. G*ov*r C*ev*l*nd
 8. Que*n V*ctor*a

 2. Th*m*s B. Re*d
 9. An*a Hel*

 3. Lil**an Ru*s*ll
 10. May*r Van W*cl

3. Lil**an Ru*s*ll 10. May*r Van W*ck
4. Ton* P*st*r 11. Pr*nc* of W*l*s
5. El*a W*e*l*r W*lc*x 12. Ed*tor of P*nch

6. Dr. M*ry W*lk*r
7. Ch*unc*y M. D*p*w
13. Wil*i*m D. How*lls
14. Sar*h B*rnh*r*t

15. X*lm*g W*zy*p*vw.

IMPORTANT!

In sending in your list of names, be careful to state whether you desire your prizes sent by express or mail. If by the latter, do not neglect to enclose \$9.40 additional for registration fee. N. B. This will be refunded later, if we find that we do not need it.



A BITTER CONFLICT EXPECTED.

ONE SPECTATOR .- Dere'll be some fun ovah dis pot!

ANOTHER SPECTATOR.— Shuah! Sam looks as happy as if he wuz robbin' a hen roost, an' Pete's as full ob' fight as de man what owned de chickings de nex' mawnin'.



A ROUGH GUESS.

Developed, 1896, by corrule & plowestables

ETHEL.—Who was it that said "woman was heaven's best gift to man?"
RALPH.—Give it up!—some fellow who had got too fat to ride a bicycle, probably.

WAR NEWS.

Washmentt, Oklahoma, March 30. — At an enthusiastic meeting of itinerant patriots held here to-day, it was unanimously resolved that no member of the Hoboes' Union should ever use Castile soap.

CHICAGO, April 1.—Prominent grocers and hotel-keepers of this city have decided to substitute cotton-seed oil for olive oil, as a proof of their detestation of everything Spanish.

DAUBERTON, Mass., March 31. — Artists in this intensely patriotic and thoroughly American community are unanimous in declaring that they will never paint pictures like the works of Murillo and Velasquez. They

denounce the purchase by Americans of copies of any Spanish masterpiece, so-called, while truly American paintings such as Smith's "Fighting Mosquitos, New Jersey Summer Resort," Jones's "Corbett and Fitzsimmons in the Ring," and Brown's "Statesmen and Cuspidors" remain unsold.

WHEELING, W. Va., April 2.—In view of the fact that the cigar trade of Cuba is largely in the hands of loyal subjects of Spain, the stogy manufacturers of this city and vicinity are outspoken in demanding that the use of Havana cigars shall cease, at least until the accursed flag of Spain is driven from America.

COLUMBUS, O., April 1.—The feeling is strong in official circles that it would savor too much of the hellish methods of Torquemada to attempt further investigation of the numerous charges affecting the integrity of members of the General Assembly and other prominent politicians. The sentiment is gaining ground that the fair fame of the Buckeye State must not be tarnished by any such suggestion of the Spanish Inquisition as vigorous probing of bribery charges might involve.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 31.—
Many boarding-house keepers of
this city, interviewed by your
correspondent, have expressed
their firm determination not to
serve Malaga grapes for dessert.
They will rely chiefly upon California prunes, except in the height of
the berry season.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 1. — Every murderer under sentence of death on the Pacific Coast bitterly protests against the infamous suggestion that Americans shall be executed by means of ropes made of Manilla hemp grown

shall be executed by means of ropes made of Manilla hemp grow in the Philippine Islands, under the hateful flag of Spain.

THE BEST HE COULD DO.

GUEST. - Look out! You're spilling that over me!
WAITER. - I - I'm very sorry, sir. I'll bring another plate

FRESNO, Cal., April 2.—Representative raisin-growers of this section are unanimous in declaring that the atrocities in Cuba have made it un-American to import or eat Valencia raisins.

TOLEDO, O., April 1.—An effort is being made here to induce the City Council to declare, officially, that the name of this city should be pronounced "Tole-do." That, it is thought, would lessen the danger that foreigners may confuse one of the most flourishing ports of the Great Lakes with the back-number sinkhole of Spanish iniquity which vegetates on the Tagus.



THE REASON WHY.

Mr. Hardacre (spending a night in New York for the first time).

—I declare t' goodness, Cynthy! Here it is nigh onter twelve o'clock, and th' streets be filled with people!

MRS. HARDAGRE.—I allers did hear that these New Yorkers was a wide-awake lot. Them must be people goin' t' work t'-morrer mornin'.

SOHMER BUILDING 170 Fifth Ave., Cor. 224 St.



YOU LOOK FOR THE NAME on a saddle

Garford, Hunt or Brown

You are satisfied You know that either represents the best there is in saddle construction, in Beauty, Comfort, Safety, and Perfection of Workmanship and Materials used. Irlord Masulacturing Co., 23 Pine St., Elyria, and Manufacturing Co., 24 Pine St., Elyria, own Saddle Co., 286 Cedar St., Elyria, 0.

WE often wish tobacco was as good as it seems to some people. - Washing-

Are You 26 Easily Tired?

Just remember that all your strength must come from your food. Did you ever think of that?

Perhaps your muscles need more strength, or your nerves; or perhaps your stomach is weak and cannot digest what

you eat.

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************************ BILL.—Are you giving any attention to music now?

JILL .- I can't help it; we 've got eight pianos in our flat. - Yonkers Statesman.

HE WAS EXCUSED.

HE WAS EXCUSED.

The teacher of a city school received the following note explaining the absence of one of her pupils the day before:

"Pless excooze Henny for absents yeesterday. Him an me got a chance at a ride to a funeral in a charrige, an' I let him stay to home, as he had never rode in a charrige an' never went to a funeral, nor had many other pleasures. So pless excooze." — Harpers' Round Table.

MABLEY.--Was the clergyman eloquent to-day? BOBSON.--Why, he

Bobson.—Why, he could n't have been more so if he had been calling for a good col-

A JUDGE OF GOOD WHISKEY?

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WHAT this country needs is an incubator that AIRING other people's faults, never made 'll lay eggs.—West Union Gazette.

AIRING other people's faults, never made them smell any sweeter.—Ram's Horn.

MRS. GOODSOUL .-

my dear? You look worried.

MR. GOODSOUL.—I am suspected of being a defaulter.

MRS. GOODSOUL.—But you are not?

MR. GOODSOUL.—No; only it 's very hard to be suspected of being a thief after the years of faithful work I have done for Closefist & Co.

MRS. GOODSOUL.—But how do you know they suspect you?

MR. GOODSOUL.—They have offered me a two week's vacation.

—New York Weekly,

thinking how homely he is. - Atchison Globe.

TIRED.

"The children wish me to ask you to tell them some fairy stories," said the politician's wife.

"My dear," was the reply, "I can't do it. I have been talking to a great many voters to-day. I must have some relaxation from the routine of business." -Washington Star.





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CONFOUND IT! We suppose that no sooner will this Spanish war be over than it will be time to make garden.-West



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"What are your friend's sentiments our civil service?" inquired Senator Sorghum's acquaintance.
"He can't tell yet," was the reply; "he doesn't know whether he is going to get the place he is after or not." — Washington Star.

VERSATILE.

"Your son is said to pe remarkable for me versatility, Mr. Skip-

ly."
I guess he must be. He never sticks to one thing for more than a month."—Detroit Free Press.

POKER PROVERBS — A four-in-hand is worth two in the pack.—Harvard Lampoon.



Young Man.-Mr. otrocks, let me congratulate you on the marriage of your

marriage of your daughter.
GOTROCKS. — Married! My daughter married! To whom, sir, to whom?
YOUNG MAN.—Excuse me, sir; but, er—you see, I—er—modesty forbids me, sir; but the fact is, sir, she married me.—
Adams Freeman.

You hear a good deal about the Awak-ening of Love. Well, every time Love is awakened, Suspicion also turns over and rubs its eves open.—
Atchison Globe.



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- A book of quotations, Papa.
topps.—Well, I can't see no use in that when the market 's changin' every day!

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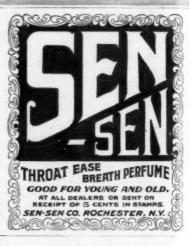
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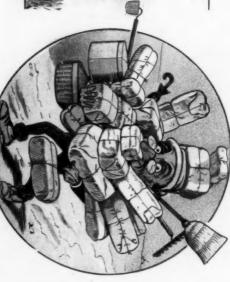
Mr. Subbubs wins the two-mile "Muddy Road Race." Time, 18 m. 46 % s. 4 pounds of mud.



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